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The Saturday Evening Post

A POPULAR PAPER

STAR

FOR

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No. 125.



Clash! rung the snaky swords, and the combat opened.

"Mr. HEROD DEAN: "Sir—This will inform you of a fact of which, evidently, you have been ignorant up to this time. Estelle Berkely is the betrothed of a gentleman. She—whom you have been following so persistently, and annoying in a manner foreign to the acts of an honorable man—has grown tired of your haunting presence, which has, in her opinion, assumed the proportion of an insult. The master has been referred to me; and I, as her affianced husband, demand that opportunity for satisfaction, at a weapon's point, which no man, unless he be a coward, will refuse. My representative will call to confer with yours, before noon, to-morrow. For reasons that you will admit, this had best be retained a strict secret."

HUBERT WYNE,
LORD CHAUNCY."

The note fell fluttering to the carpet.

"Her affianced husband! A duel!" He enunciated the words as one who can scarce believe his senses.

"My God!—that this should be the woman—so beautiful, so fascinating—that I have made myself an outcast to follow—I only to follow, and live where I could look at her; know she recognized my presence. It was but a few hours ago that she bade me good-night—all smiles, all sweetness—and gave her hand to the passionate pressure of my lips; and now, ere the tongue of the clock strikes twelve, I am challenged on her account—ay, it is at her request—by her affianced husband! This is the hardest blow of all—well, am I fit to live? But, stop! I will fight him! I will wrench his heart out with my sword!—I'll laugh at her!—no, no, no; wait: what should I do? I can not avoid it!"

"Fight I (hic). Fight who? What's the matter here, Dean? I say, (hic) what's the row? Why, bless my heart! you're white as a tombstone, and look mad as a bull in the—(hic)—the arena!"

The speaker was a man several years the junior of Herod Dean, and who had entered the room just at the conclusion of the other's outburst.

His hat was on the back of his head, hair disheveled, and general appearance and stagger indicating that he was right from the "club," with brain rather the worse for liquor.

The two were room-mates.

"Read that," said Dean, in reply, pointing to the crumpled paper at his feet.

The young man picked it up.

"O-h, a duel!" he exclaimed.

"Yes—a duel." Herod Dean was leaning against the mantel-piece, again looking thoughtfully into the fire.

"Well, are you going to fight?"

"Am I?"—suddenly and forcibly. "Do I look like a coward, Percy Wolfe?"

"Aw—(hic)—n-o; can't say you do," with a half-grave, half-comical survey of his "chum."

"You will be my second," continued Dean.

"Of course I will!" And Wolfe was

slightly familiar with such matters, for he immediately added, in a business manner:

"You'd better go to work now—make out your will, and so forth, you know. See, there's no telling how these things will turn out; and, in case you are unfortunate, why it's better to prevent trouble among relations by putting law on paper—"

"I attended to that some time ago."

"Oh! did you?" in surprise.

"Yes." Then Dean advanced, and laid a hand on his friend's shoulder.

"Percy Wolfe," he said, very solemnly, "you are an American, like myself."

"I believe I am," wonderingly.

Wolfe appeared to recover, as if by magic, from the influence of his liquor.

"You are going back to your native soil next week?"

"Yes."

"Wolfe," eying him steadfastly, and speaking with much emotion. "I have a little girl over there—my child. I love her as a father only can love. A short time ago I sent my will, with a letter, to a friend—a man who was my mate at college— instructing him to think of me as dead, and have others think the same. In that will I provided for my daughter. Her name is Pearl. I believe that Claude Paine, the friend of whom I speak, is honorable. Yet, Percy, I want you to promise me that when you reach America, you will find my precious Pearl and see if every thing is right."

"This is news!" exclaimed Wolfe, in astonishment. "You never told me that you were a father."

"It has been a secret—and you shall know that secret presently. But, will you promise? will you find Pearl Rochester, at Washington, and see that she has her own?"

The promise was given.

Then the two sat there, through the remainder of the night, till the gray shades of dawn were creeping in at the windows, discussing the preliminaries to the duel; and in that time Herod Dean made known his life-secret to this warm, faithful friend.

Lord Chauncy's second was prompt to call before noon, and the affair of meeting was satisfactorily arranged between that worthy and Wolfe.

Twelve hours later.

When the bell of a distant clock proclaimed eleven, Herod Dean and his friend left their rooms, and proceeded toward the spot agreed upon.

The house occupied by Lord Chauncy was an ancient-looking edifice, standing alone, and surrounded by an extensive garden.

In this garden were many places admirably adapted to the coming scene; but one especially, between three monstrous shrub bushes, within a semicircle of trees, had been selected by the nobleman.

"Of course I will!" And Wolfe was

The ground was hard and smooth; the situation was screened.

There was a moon in the starry sky, that seemed to pour a saddened radiance on the place; and an occasional waft of wind whispered mournfully through the leafless, spectral trees and bare-stalked shrubs.

Two men were waiting—one engaged in rubbing a long, sharp sword with a piece of chamois skin; and the other, gloomy and silent, gazing in the direction of the gate.

Soon the other parties were on hand; and—doing away with useless prelude—the enemies were placed, weapon in hand, face to face.

"Lord Chauncy," said Dean, "remember that this quarrel is of your seeking. I am no coward; yet, to shed blood is a serious thing. And I ask if there is no other way to adjust this?"

"Guard!" was the answer, sharp and savage, as the speaker advanced quickly.

"Look to yourself—"

Clash! rung the snaky swords, and the combat opened.

Both were good swordsmen; the match, in point of strength, was equal.

Circling and darting, ringing and scraping, twisting, twining, whirling, like two supple snakes, whizzed and coiled the dueling swords in the hands of their masters; and nothing was heard but the whizzing, striking sound and deep breathing of the combatants.

Suddenly Dean slipped. His weapon fell slightly. Quick as a flash, the Englishman lunged at the exposed breast of his antagonist, and pierced him through and through.

The stricken man reeled backward, tossed his arms wildly aloft, and fell into the arms of Percy Wolfe, who sprung to catch him.

"Wolfe! Wolfe!" he articulated, in a choking voice, "remember your promise! God! I am dying!"

"Horace Rochester, I will remember!" whispered Percy.

Lord Chauncy was coolly wiping his sword.

Two figures were approaching rapidly from the house—a man and woman. When they came up, the latter asked:

"Is it over?"

"Yes," and the Englishman continued, addressing her companion: "There he is, doctor. You had best be quick in removing him."

Wolfe would have preferred to bury his friend; but, as the occurrence might possibly become known, and as there existed such bonds of secrecy, he made no objection when the medical gentleman called for assistance, and lifted Dean in his arms.

The motionless form was borne out at the gate, and placed behind the cloth screen of a gig that was in waiting, and the doctor drove off with his ghastly charge.

Lord Chauncy turned to the woman, who, by his side, was watching the retreating forms.

"Come, Estelle," he said, "let us return to the house. Dany," to his second, "bring both swords."

Percy Wolfe embarked for America on a day of the following week. And on the day after his departure, there was an officer of the law in dialogue with the lady of the house where he had roomed. The object of his visit was to ask:

"Where is Herod Dean? When did his 'clum' Percy Wolfe, leave here?"

CHAPTER II.

NEWS OF A DEATH.

HARK! The bells!

New Year's Day at the National Capital; heralded by the Metropolitan chimes—a new greeting for the season here, and one of sweet solemnity.

The weather was dull, damp and sickly. But this mattered nothing; "society" conquered the whisperings of discretion, and moved, as it ever will, despite inclement skies, in keeping with the laws of festivity ensigned upon the last, parting scene of the Old Year's Christmas month.

Here, where fashion would seem to center its rarest pictures during the Holidays, and smile with all the charmed radiance of woman's loveliness, the day was lively, and the gloomy clouds forgotten by pleasure-bent votaries of sociability.

A house, not much more than the distance of an arrow-shot from Lafayette Square—and which escaped mention among the long list that appeared in the *Gazette*—was glittering in its interior; with broad salons arranged in all the lavish grandeur of wealth and taste, and liveried sons of Ebon-skin fitting hither and thither, in useful capacities.

The callers had been many at this point; and yet the shining tables groaned beneath their weight of delicacies—rich wines and fruits, and all that could intoxicate a guest by sight, scent, or indulgence.

But now there was a calm. The merry voices that had only a few moments previous awakened echoes of jest, or drawn a companion, in pleasant argument, through the dreamy bower of Erudition, had ceased; and the gorgeous surroundings looked bare without their recent foreground of grouping humans. All had disappeared—all, save one.

Seated at a piano, her elbow on the mirrored wood, and face resting in her jeweled hand, was a woman—a queen, it would appear, well fitted to reign in this modern Temple of Delight.

As her head bowed, and one hand lay carelessly on the keys, her attitude was one of thought—full of grace, a subject for an artist.

A brunnette, and beautiful.

PEARL OF PEARLS; OR, CLOUDS AND SUNBEAMS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

Author of "Hoodwinked," "Flaming Talisman," "Hercules, the Hunchback," etc., etc.

CHAPTER I.

THE DUEL IN THE GARDEN.

A SUITE of rooms in the English Metropolis—in what particular locality is of no moment to the reader.

It was night—an ugly night, of damp, and wet, and chill; when starving beggars shivered and groaned, and the higher class drew near to their warm hearths.

A man of muscular build, and aristocratic mien, sat before the glowing grate, with elbows on his knees, and chin bowed to his hands, while he fixed an unwavering stare on the burning coals.

He was alone; yet not alone, for reverie—that great producer of mystical images, and visions of the past—was conjuring pictures, with human forms in their center, so real, so familiar, that it would seem as if they must have heard his addresses when, at last, low words came slowly from his lips:

"America!—far, far land. Ah! I think I see it, beyond the vast waters—see it as I left it; like a thing of life, begging me not to go, and whispering of its smiles and joys, while my own conscience was propitiating this after-regret. Cherished friends; familiar scenes—how have I deserted you! —to accept the companionship of strangers, whose looks are chill, whose presence

brings no cheer. Wife!—child! Oh, that Pearl were here! Pearl!—sweet little Pearl! with your laughing eyes and winsome chatter; shall I ever see you again?

No, no; I am dead!—dead!

And for what? Why did I abandon that which would have

made me happy? Weak, weak man that I am!—knowing of my sin, yet helpless in the coils; pursuing a phantom; chasing a gem with wings, that eludes or evades me, ever luring, ever tantalizing—like a boy

who will race after a butterfly, hither and thither, till the insect soars beyond his reach, and its would-be possessor fails to the earth, exhausted. Am I crazy? What

is this infatuation but madness? One moment, she favors me with smiles; the next, she frowns at my presumption. And I am never nearer; she keeps me from her; while I still linger, like a dog, at her heels,

or a slave who would die at her command. Estelle! Estelle! would that you were dead! Then, and only then, would this horrible spell which is upon me be broken—Who's there?"

A rap at the door had cut short his musings, and the servant of the house entered, bearing a note.

Bidding the girl retire, he broke the escutcheon seal.

Then his face paled, as he read the following:

"America!—far, far land. Ah! I think

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She had been thus ever since she bade adieu to the last departing visitor; with eyelids drooping and brilliant orbs dreamily lustering behind the silken lash; and strange, strange meditations were training through her mind.

Presently there sounds a light footfall on the carpet. She roused with a start.

"Pearl—it is you?"

"Yes, mamma. I'm tired playing all by myself; and I have been alone, for Jessie said she must go see her sick mother."

A fairy it was who spoke; a child of not more than fourteen years, yet with a face that told of an intellect almost womanly, and beaming in all the sweetness of a soul of gold.

Over her smooth, white shoulder, that rose like a hill of tinted snow above the costly trimming of her low-cut bodice, there fell a misty profusion of flaxen hair; her features, like her form—with eyes of blue, brows of jet, lips of red, and teeth as pure as the name she bore—all these, augmented by the glow of health, made up a picture of heavenly mold.

"I told Jessie she must not leave you," returned the woman to the child's last speech.

"Oh, mamma! but her mother was sick. You wouldn't want her to stay away, would you? And you won't be angry with her for it? Why, if you was sick, I'd come to you no matter what happened."

"Would you, Pearl?"

"Yes, I would." The dark-eyed beauty drew Pearl toward her, and bent to kiss the pure forehead; though that kiss was cold and the action forced.

"But you must not stay here, Pearl. There may be visitors at any moment; and mamma would rather you did not see rude men, and hear how they talk. Go now!"

"But, it's so lonely all by myself!" interrupted the child.

"Here's a letter for Mrs. Rochesterine," said a servant, who came in at that juncture, with a missive on a heavy salver. "It was got out of the post-office early this morning by the man you sent there."

While Pearl gazed silently into the face of the queenly woman she had called "mamma," the latter broke the fancy seal of the envelope, and tore it open.

"Why, mamma, how red your cheeks are!" exclaimed the girl.

"Are they, pet? Ha! ha!" a laugh that was unnatural, even in its music; "well, it's the heat of the room, and the excitement I have been through. Your cheeks would be red, too, if you had all to do that I have been doing this morning—"

"Oh, how I wish I could try and see!" broke in Pearl, while a hopeful light came into her deep-blue eyes. "Don't you think I might help you entertain? I know I'm only a foolish little girl, mamma; but it's not so very hard to be good-humored, and maybe some one would not think it a hard task to talk with me—"

"There, there, Pearl; go, go now, child. Hark! some one is coming. Don't you see I wish to be alone?" the last with a slight show of impatience.

Pearl glanced at her keenly for a second, then, with a little sigh, she turned away.

When Isabel Rochesterine was alone, she opened the letter and read it. It was postmarked Baltimore, Dec. 8th.

The ting on her cheeks mantled higher, as she perused the lines on the paper, and her full bosom heaved with a warmth occasioned by the words of the perfumed missive.

At last she placed it to her lips, kissing it passionately, and cried, half-aloud:

"He is coming! coming! will be here today! He may enter at any time! Claude! Claude! would that I were free! would that you knew how madly, madly I love you!" and again and again she pressed the letter to her lips, imprinting kisses on the name at the bottom of the sheet.

A tinkle of the door-bell checked her outburst, and she listened, holding her breath to the footfalls of the comer in the hall—

"It is he—I—Claude!"

A tall, broad-shouldered man, handsome in figure, attractive in face, with bright, piercing hazel eyes, and curly hair of similar hue; white, even teeth glistening beneath a luxuriant mustache; elastic in movement, and with a bearing of command.

This was Claude Paine, the writer of the letter, who entered the saloon parlor, and stood before the woman who expected him.

But, her manner was altered. All traces of that eagerness and momentary excitement which, a second previous, had possessed her, now vanished. She was calm, smiling, courteous merely, as she extended a hand in greeting.

"Mr. Paine."

"Ah! Mrs. Rochesterine—let me hope you are enjoying all the pleasures of 'the season'! A happy New Year."

"And for you, I wish the same. Be seated."

"By the contents of your card-basket, I judge you have not been lonely to-day," he said, drawing up a chair.

"Oh, no!" laughing lightly. "To be candid—with you—I am almost tired of shaking hands, listening to compliments, and taxing my brains to entertain those few bores who seem to have nothing to say when they enter a lady's parlor. It is fortunate this occurs only once a year."

"Fortunate for your endurance, perhaps, Mrs. Rochesterine; but—but—"

"Well? Another piece of flattery, I suppose? You are merciless as the rest."

"It is unfortunate for others that New Year's day does not come around more frequently."

"Why, pray?"

"Can you ask? Is it not a source of happiness to be near one whom we admire?" She arched her brows.

"Even though we must be content oftentimes with one-half of that admiration unspoken," he added; and continued, after a pause, during which his eyes seemed to read her inmost thoughts:

"Once under the influence of your society, Mrs. Rochesterine, it is severe for a weak mortal to realize, that—"

"Your trip, Mr. Paine?" she interrupted.

"Had you a pleasant one?"

Her cheeks were dyed in blushes, and a strange, mesmeric sensation crept over her, as, by a mighty effort, she compelled her glance to meet his.

A peculiar expression flitted across his face, but it was gone instantly, when he replied to her question.

"Yes, a very pleasant trip, indeed—that is, in one sense."

"How?"

"And quite unpleasant in another."

He looked gravely at her, and she saw that he hesitated in communicating something.

"What is it, Mr. Paine?"

"I regret exceedingly that I should be the bearer—"

"No matter; tell me. What is it?"

"Bad news—very bad," he uttered, slowly, now gazing down, as if to avoid her anxious look.

"Tell me!" two low, breathless words, and the color began to redden from her face.

"Mrs. Rochesterine, I beg of you receive, as calmly as possible, what I am about to say. Your husband—"

"My husband?" quickly.

"Is—is—"

"Mr. Paine, will you speak?"

"He is dead."

"Dead!" the words came spasmodically, and she gazed in doubt.

Feeling that he had gotten over the greatest difficulty, he went on with more ease:

"Yes; by a letter from a friend of mine, which I received while in New York, I learn that Horace Rochesterine died in London, some months ago, of fever. There was a paper inclosed, too, announcing his decease. You have my sincerest sympathy and condolence—ha! you are sick, Mrs. Rochesterine! Permit me."

He hastily poured a glass full of wine, and proffered it to her; for she was pale, and swayed dizzily in her seat.

But, Isabel Rochesterine forgot, for the moment, that he was present.

It was not alone this news of the death of her husband that worked upon her, as she stared, in a vacant way, at the carpet; other thoughts were consuming her mind—inevitably aroused by the unexpected intelligence. From paleness, her face changed back to its dye of crimson; her veins were heated, her bosom rose and fell with quick, short respirations; and from her lips issued a scarce audible whisper—one word:

"Free!"

It was not meant for other ears; but Claude Paine heard it, and a starting thrill passed over him as he drew a step nearer her chair, and fixed a deep, deep glance on the bowed head of this beautiful woman.

CHAPTER III.

A MEETING IN THE DARK.

NECESSARILY passing over the day, until we reach an hour after nightfall, we turn to the long, low bridge that stretches over the Eastern Branch and leads to quiet Uniontown.

Near by the "draw," thickly muffled—not so much on account of cold, as to defy the searching damp which lurked, like a curseful malaria, on the bosom of the dark water—a man was pacing restlessly to and fro, at times straining his eyes in the direction of the north end of the bridge, and uttering impatient syllables.

"It is time he showed himself!" he exclaimed, at last, pausing and gazing steadfastly along the outline of the white railing. "He is behind time; and I have waited till I can be patient no longer."

And then the head of the solitary personage hung forward, and he continued, in a musing strain:

"What if he should disappoint me? His letter told me to be punctual, and he is the tardy one. In Baltimore, yesterday, eh? Been to New York? I wonder what excuse he will make to Isabel Rochesterine, for the unexplained absence and silence of her husband?" And I wonder what the deuce is up—that he should be so anxious for me to secure a woman who is willing to go away, with a child? It's just like Claude Paine—he always was a mystery to me.

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It was by the "draw," thickly muffled—not so much on account of cold

he took a look at you down in the Gulch, it meant that he and his folks was coming to visit you, and we got there just ahead of 'em."

Captain Shields seemed to know nothing about him, at least he told nothing of what you have just described."

"Shields was in that party down on the Staked Plain, and got two bullets in him, that he carries to this day: so I reckon he does know something, arter all."

"And he is somewhere in our neighborhood, unless he has taken a sudden departure."

"Yes," added Lightning Jo, in a husky whisper, and with a wild, scared look; "and he ain't fifty feet from where you're setting this minute."

CHAPTER XXI.

THOSE WHO ESCAPED.

At this startling announcement Egbert Rodman sprang to his feet, with a bound that carried him entirely over the fire, striking Lightning Jo with such sudden violence as to throw him backward almost flat upon the ground.

"What in thunder is the matter?" exclaimed the scout, laughing outright as he regained his seat; "did he prick you?"

The young man was not looking at Jo, but backward in the gloom, in which he discerned the unmistakable outlines of the terrible nondescript, known as the Terror of the Prairie. It was but a glance that he gained; for, while he looked, it began silently retreating into the gloom, like a phantom born and sent forth by the night, and returning again to its natural element.

Like a flash, Egbert raised his gun, pointed toward the point where it had vanished and pulled the trigger; but the percussion exploded without firing the charge that had been wettet, during its rush through the swollen canon.

"Never mind," remarked Jo, with a laugh, "it done just as much good as if you had fired it; so rest easy on that score."

"You needn't tell me that" was the dogged return of Egbert, "every living creature has some vulnerable point, and that is no exception."

"All right; if you want to make yourself famous just find the spot, and pop in a bullet there. Howsoever there always are some folks that think they know more nor others, and p'raps they do, and then p'raps ag'in they don't."

Egbert felt a little irritated at the taunting words of the scout—which irritation was doubtless increased by the keen sense he had of the rather ridiculous figure he had just made; but there was no use of showing any resentment toward Lightning Jo; and, resuming his seat, he began withdrawing the damaged charge from his gun. When sufficiently composed, he asked the rather singular question:

"How many times do you suppose you have fired at this thing, Jo?"

"I don't know exactly: the first shot told me that it warn't any use; but I s'pose I've let fly at him a half dozen times more nor less, and I've seen five times as many balls sent after him by others. What do you want to know that fur?"

"In all these cases did you aim at any particular portion of the animal—his head or his body?"

"We always p'nted our bulldogs at the spot where his heart would be reached—that is, providing he had any to reach."

"That proves beyond a doubt that the Terror can not be killed in that manner. How is it that you never aimed at his head?"

Lightning Jo seemed to be surprised at this question, and stared rather wonderingly at Egbert, before he replied:

"Hanged if I know what the reason is. You know it's the custom among us chaps to aim at the heart instead of the head, the same as we do in a buffalo, 'cause you're surer of wiping out the critter there than anywhere else. There's more than one critter that walks the earth that wouldn't mind a volley in the head, more than they would."

"Very well then; the next time you or I shoot at him we'll send the bullet into his head, and then, if he don't mind that, I'll be inclined to think there is something strange about it."

"You will, eh?" replied Jo, with a grunt; "that's very kind in you, and I hope you won't forget it."

"As you say the appearance of the Prairie Terror is always a sure omen of coming disaster, what, in your opinion, does it coming foretell in the present instance? What additional calamity is about to overtake us?"

"We'll larn that afore long: there ain't any use trying to find out. All I care to find out is what has become of Lizzie, and as soon as the first streak of daylight comes I'm going to find out whether she's in the land of the living or not."

The heart of Egbert said "amen" to this, and his prayer was that the long, desolate night might hurry by, and the opportunity come for them to do something together for unraveling the fate of the maiden, for whom both entertained the strongest affection—differing only in kind and not in degree.

Egbert, at the advice of the scout, attempted to sleep—but he had too much on his mind to succeed in doing so. His drizzling garments did not give him special discomfort, as the night was only moderately cool and Jo kept the fire burning quite vigorously.

But between his sad forebodings of the fate of Lizzie, whom he seemed to love with a devotion such as had never permeated his being before, and the haunting fear of another visit from the Terror of the Prairie, there was little likelihood of his falling asleep.

The strange tales that the scout had told him of this remarkable creature, and of his extraordinary meetings with him, produced their effect upon Egbert, who, though of a practical nature, with an intelligent mind, was not without a certain imagination, peculiar to those of his age, which made him susceptible to the influences of the time and the place and his surroundings.

The roar of the rushing canon had died out entirely, and probably that very part over which the whites, men, women and animals, had been carried with such tremendous velocity, was now almost entirely dry again. Through the matted, overhanging branches Egbert caught the glimmer of several stars, showing that the storm had cleared away entirely. There was a moon, however, and in the valley in which they had encamped, the darkness was so profound as to be absolutely impenetrable beyond the circle illuminated by the campfire.

Young Rodman found the suspense so intolerable, that he proposed that they should leave this spot and wander among the hills until daylight. He believed that they would encounter some of the survivors and possibly might learn something regarding Lizzie, who might be in need of very assistance that would thus be afforded her.

But Lightning Jo had made up his mind to remain where he was, and no persuasion could induce him to change his location. He declared that he could accomplish nothing by stumbling around in the dark, while Egbert would be pretty certain to break his neck in some of the pitfalls that were to be encountered at every step.

And without attempting to depict the dismal expedients which the wretched lover resorted to, to while away the unspeakably dreary hours, we now hasten forward to the moment when the unmistakable light of morning stole through the hills, and Lightning Jo, springing to his feet, declared that the moment had come when the terrible suspense was to end, and they were soon to learn the worst that had happened to the party and to the one dear one—Lizzie Manning.

The first point toward which the two directed their steps was the canon, through which they had had their memorable passage. This was but a short distance away, and, upon being reached, it was found as they had anticipated, entirely clear of running water. Here and there were muddy, stagnant pools collected in the hollows and cavities, but nothing of any living person, or animal, or debris of the wagons, was discerned.

"Had we not better descend and follow the canon to the outlet?" asked Egbert. "We shall not miss any thing then on the way."

Lightning Jo acted upon the suggestion, and after a little searching for a safe means of descent, the bottom was reached, and they pursued their way in silence, agitated by strange emotions, as they recalled the memorable experience of a few nights before.

They walked side by side, neither breaking the impressive stillness by a word, but carefully scanning every foot of ground passed in quest of some remnant of those who had been their companions in the terrible descent.

Suddenly the scout pointed to a wagon-wheel that was driven in between two jutting-points of rocks, where it had been immovably fixed by the tremendous momentum.

Both scanned it a few minutes, and seeing nothing more, passed on for fully a quarter of a mile, when the basin to which reference has been made was reached, and here a great surprise awaited them.

It being quite shallow, the water had been carried away by several outlets, and not a man had been borne beyond. Fragments of the wagons were scattered in every direction, and at one side of the dry lake were to be seen Captain Shields, Gibbons and a number of the men covering up a large grave, while seated around were several women with their children, as miserable and desolate-looking objects as could possibly be imagined.

Not having dared to hope that so many could have escaped, the two paused in mute silence and stared at them, their looks after the first startling shock being directed in anxious quest of the one—Lizzie Manning—a look that was unwareed by a sight of the beautiful maiden, whom both were ready to do and dare any thing.

Still hoping that she might be somewhere in the vicinity, they hurried forward and put the all-important question.

Sad to say, no living person had seen or knew aught regarding her.

And then their own sad story was told. All, of course, had been carried irresistibly into this basin—some bruised, and almost senseless. Three of the men were killed, and also a mother and her two children. The ghastly cargo of the wagon, containing the remains of those who had fallen in the fight in Dead Man's Gulch, was also there. The soldiers, who had charge of the women and children, clung bravely to them, and the shallowness of the water enabling the horses to touch bottom almost immediately, they were not long in fountaining out upon dry land, where the miserable group huddled together until the coming of day should enable them to see where they were, and to do what was possible for themselves.

Suddenly a loud report smote the maiden's ear, and looking up, she saw that the storm had burst in all its fury, while, here and there, vivid flashes of lightning darted through the angry, inky clouds.

"Oh, God! this is terrible!" but as she spoke, the same clear voice that uttered the warning said:

"Be brave, lady; I will soon release you."

With a cry of joy the maiden turned, and the sudden transition from despair to hope caused her almost to swoon away, but, controlling her emotion, she exclaimed:

"Save me, oh, save me, sir!" and narrowly she watched the approach of the man toward her.

Slowly he advanced, bearing upon his shoulders several long and heavy boards, with which he made a plank bridge for his feet to keep from sinking in the treacherous sand.

Soon the last board was deposited, and joy indescribable! it reached beyond the sinking horse with its human burden, rapidly sinking to death.

"Pardon me, but I must cut your skirt off; your feet are already below the sand," said the stranger; and taking his knife from his pocket, he quickly severed the folds of dark-green cloth, and then removed, but not without an effort, the dead cat feet from their sandy bed.

"Now, stand up in your saddle; there rest upon my shoulder and I will carry you to terra firma."

Cheerfully the stranger spoke, and without a word, the maiden permitted him to take her in his arms and bear her out of reach of the terrible quicksand, to where a horse stood awaiting.

"Here, lady, wrap my saddle-blanket around you, while I return for your saddle and bridle; your horse there is no hope for."

"Do not tell me poor Lightfoot must die, sir!" and the tears came into the beautiful eyes.

"Yes, it must be so; but to end her misery, I will kill her, and we must hasten, for should the creek arise suddenly, as it will by this hard storm, we will have to remain in the forest all night."

Hastily the stranger returned along the plank walk, his impromptu bridge, which was fast sinking from sight, and quickly severed the girth of the saddle, and removed it with the bridle from the poor beast, whose doom was sealed.

"Poor Lightfoot! it is a pity to kill you, but it will end your misery," and as he spoke the stranger drew from his pocket a pistol, placed it to the mare's head and pulled the trigger.

A cry came from the maiden as she witnessed the act, but the next moment her preserver stood beside her.

Quickly he raised the maiden to a seat behind his saddle, then mounted himself, and holding the side-saddle and bridle taken from the mare before him, urged his horse forward; and the noble animal, as if little caring for his treble weight, moved on at a quick pace, and soon crossing the creek at a safe ford, was beyond danger.

One of the men who had helped to bring in the mustangs took occasion to tell Lightning Jo, in a confidential way, that he had

detected signs of Indians, and he believed there was quite a number among the hills, and that it was impossible that they should know nothing of the presence of the whites so near them.

This information surprised the scout and caused him no little uneasiness. He questioned the soldier closely, and became convinced that he was right and that the whole company were in great danger of attack.

Under these circumstances, he took it in hand himself, and told them all of the urgency of haste in reaching their destination.

Scarcely fifteen minutes had passed when every man was upon his mustang, and the females, with their offspring, were distributed among them. Lightning Jo and Egbert Rodman placed themselves at their head, and the scout cautiously led the way through another narrow pass for something like a quarter of a mile, when they reached the open prairie once more.

"And now go," he added, "and never pause or look back until you ride into the stockade of Fort Adams."

And his advice was taken and followed almost to the letter; but, even then it is impossible to imagine whether they would have succeeded in reaching the shelter after all without being harassed by the Comanches, but for the fact that they had gone three miles they met a party of rescue sent out by Colonel Cleaves, who had become alarmed at their failure to come in during the night. Under the escort of this powerful company of cavalry, the journey was completed in safety, and we now bid them good-by at the friendly fort and turn our attention to those in whom we have a more immediate interest.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 121.)

Saved by an Enemy.

BY COL. PRENTISS INGRAM.

storm raged, but, as if thoroughly acquainted with the country, the stranger took a bridle-path through the woods, and soon came upon a large and handsome residence, the home of a wealthy planter.

Dismounting, he aided the maiden to the ground, and placed upon the broad steps of the veranda her saddle and bridle.

"Now, Miss Mercer, you are at home, so I will leave you."

"And you still persist in refusing to tell me who has so nobly rescued me from a most fearful death?" and the dainty gloved hand was extended, half reproachfully.

"My name does not matter; you are safe, and in that thought I am happy," and bounding into his saddle, he dashed away at a rapid run down the gravel drive.

The sound of hoofs caused the door of the mansion to open, and an old gentleman came forth, peering into the darkness.

"Is that you, Irene, my daughter?" and catching sight of the drenched, skirless form of the maiden as she ascended the steps, he bounded forward and seized her in his arms.

"Oh, my poor, poor child! what has happened to you? where have you been? where are your brothers?"

"One question, dear father, at a time; but first, now that you see I am safe, let me seek my room and change my clothes," and the maiden, accompanied by her ebony maid, ascended to her room.

Half an hour after she entered the brilliantly lighted supper-room, in which stood her father, Colonel Mercer, and his sons, Walter and Frank.

Warmly was she greeted by them, and when she said, softly:

"Now, father, I will answer your questions. First as to where I have been, I will answer, as near death as it is possible to be and not die! I went over to aunt Edith's, and was returning when the storm overtook me in the forest, and thinking I could make a short cut by fording the creek lower down, and crossing the fields, I attempted it."

"My God! the quicksands!" exclaimed Colonel Mercer.

"Yes; a warning voice called out to me, but I heard it indistinctly as I was riding rapidly, and, seeing no one, dashed on, until poor Lightfoot sunk in the treacherous sand, and in sinking pinned my skirt beneath her. Oh, God! the horror that came over me when I saw that fearful death before me," and at the remembrance Irene Mercer shuddered; after a moment she continued:

"I had given up all hope, when I was startled by a voice near me, and, glancing up, saw a man coming to my relief, making a bridge of boards as he came."

"Thus he saved me, but not until he had cut off my skirt, for my feet were then covered by the sand."

"He bore me to a safe spot, and then returned and removed the saddle and bridle from poor Lightfoot, after which he—and I sicken at the remembrance—drew his pistol and shot her!" and Irene covered her face with her hands.

"It was better to thus end her misery; but, my daughter, who was this man that saved you?"

"I do not know, father."

"Do not know, and we owe him this debt of gratitude? What was he like?"

"He brought me home, and, refusing to tell me his name, rode away."

"What was he like, Irene?" asked her brother Walter.

"A tall, exceedingly handsome man of thirty-five, I should think, with a sun-browned face, dark eyes and hair, and most polished manners: a perfect hero, as we girls would say at school; but, you all forget that I have only been back home a week, and my ten years' exile to a convent have caused me to forget all the planters whom I used to know."

"It is better to thus end her misery."

"Save me, oh, save me, sir!" and narrowly she watched the approach of the man toward her.

"What kind of a horse was he riding, Irene?" asked Frank.

"A horse large and powerful and jet-black."

"Basil Hamilton!" uttered the three gentlemen, in a breath.

"What, father! was that Basil Hamilton, the enemy of our house?"

"Yes, Irene: this is indeed a sad blow," and the haughty man was almost crushed at having accepted such a boor as his daughter's life from his hated enemy.

The grandfathers of Basil Hamilton and Colonel Mercer had forty years before been engaged in a political controversy, which ended in a duel, the result of which was the death of one at the hands of the other.

Though their plantations were only a few miles distant from each other, the families were afterward the bitterest enemies, for the Mercers would never forget and forgive the death of their ancestor at the hands of a Hamilton, and hence a feud separated them.

Living in lonely bachelorhood upon his magnificent plantation, Basil Hamilton was a great favorite with most of the planters of his neighborhood, and yet,

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BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER.

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Our Arm-Chair.

The Key to Success.—"Tradesman," writing from Cleveland, O., says:

"Your views as expressed in your 'Earnest talk with young men,' in this week's publication, I see with great interest. It is really astonishing to see how many young men will jump for a situation that requires little labor to perform, and how few there are that will learn a good trade or will be surprised at the folly of entering a house as clerk, bookkeeper, etc. They may, as you say, receive a salary of from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per year, but they have made nothing at the end of a year. Their habits have been extravagant, sporting round with horse and buggy, or spending money on young ladies. This I know to be the case with a great many young men in our city. As for my part, I would have no young lady think any thing of me until I had a trade in my hands—trade that I could be sure of making a living at, comfortably. On the whole, I fully endorse your views on the subject."

If all young men acted as sensibly there would be fewer life mistakes. The history of unhappy men and women may be said to commence with the first mistake, either doing that for which they were unqualified, or entering upon callings already overstocked and crowded, impelled thereto by the idea that such calling was more "respectable" or "gentlemanly" than some other wherein success was sure. If one-half the young men now seeking "clerkships" or aiming for the professions, were to enter at once, cheerfully and earnestly, into the trades, the record of tens of thousands of lives would be stamped with success, which are almost sure to end in failure or suffering if the trades are scorned.

To Whom It May Concern!—A friend writes to say that, having much leisure time on his hands, he would like an engagement to contribute weekly to our pages.

This friend is not the first one who has said the same thing to us. Indeed, it is surprising, we sometimes think, how much leisure our friends have, which they can (for a prime consideration, of course) devote to "enhancing the interest of our columns."

Of course we are grateful for all such offers; they show a great deal of anxiety for our welfare; but, there is just one thing which debars us from saying to all such, "write!"

It is a fact, which we have verified by a long experience in the editor's room, that a person's vanity may be ever so great—his or her education may be ever so good—the craving for aorial honors may be ever so strong; yet the public is so stupid and unimpassioned as to ignore all these, and to demand, instead, that which only those can produce who possess the rare gift of authorship—that power of feeling, thought and expression which neither money can purchase nor station can command.

The public may be wrong, or perverse, or as unsympathetic as a whale; you may swell in your own conceit until your hat is lifted from your head, or your eye in fine frenzy rolling becomes as bloodshot as a first-class fire-wheel; you may dream fine dreams and walk on stars in your inspiration; but, there stands that elephant, the public, reaching out right and left for food, and—

He or she is the most welcome who brings the most delicious or substantial meat.

That elephant don't know our friend from Dunks the cobbler—doesn't care a fly's sneeze whether he "graduated" on Xenophon and Conic Sections or on Webster's Elementary Spelling-book—doesn't ask what the local paper says of him (the beast), but, just winks his eye at a good thing, and—

Waves his trunk for more!

So, catering, as we do, to the elephant, we are constrained—nay, bayonet-pricked, to say to our friends having so much leisure, don't you use a moment in writing for us unless you've got that rare gift alluded to, and can say things which nobody else can say as well. If you have that gift, and can say original things in an original way, why, then, you needn't have any more leisure on your hands, for there isn't an editor in this great city who wouldn't be a happy man to be engaged to you, even though you happened to be some other man's wife!

HARD TASKS.

It is a fearfully hard task to endeavor to please everybody, and if any one has accomplished that herculean act, then there is a wonder I have not yet seen, and I wouldn't begrudge a dollar to look at the *rara avis*. If you wear a hat to please the women it will disgust the men, and vice versa. If you write an essay carefully and think no one will complain at it, one will think you have been too lenient and another too harsh. If you have the management of children, your right-hand neighbor will tell you your children would mature quicker if you wouldn't be so strict with them, while the neighbor on your left will remark, "If ever you want those children to grow up as

they should, you must make them stop around smarter; you're not half sharp enough with them."

It is an awful hard task for people to attend to their own affairs, or, to put it in plainer English, to mind their own business; they must go about trying into this and peeping into that, asking what makes you put so much saleratus into your bread, and so little flour into your pie-crusts? Asking if you think you'll ever get your pay from that city boarder, and if he doesn't earn more than his board comes to? Endeavoring to find out how many raisins you put into your mince pies, and if you don't find so many sweets injurious to the health of the children? Peering into cracks and corners of the room, hoping to find enough dirt and dust to warrant the assertion that you keep a slovenly house? Wondering if you don't think it a waste of time to read so much, and in the next breath desire the loan of your SATURDAY JOURNAL as it lies in its wrapper on the table, because you have not had the opportunity to open it?

Well, thanks be, a snow or rain storm does sometimes occur, to keep these busy-bodies in their proper places—their own homes.

Here comes another difficult task—keeping a secret. I judge so from the many who want to confide them to me, and they want me to "swear to secrecy" and "promise never to tell," and if I, like a good girl, consent, nine cases out of ten it's some thing concerning the purchase of a new dress, and, "Upon your honor, now, promise not to tell Tillie Mason, for she'll go and get one just like it if you do." Then I wish I had never promised, and I inwardly desire that they'll keep their secrets to themselves in future, and not bother me with their nonsense. I keep all my own secrets to myself, and I want others to do the same.

It's a hard task to have the truth told you when it is disagreeable and dashes against your own opinions, but I'd far rather have a person tell me my faults to my face, than to remark on them to others behind my back. I've got one sincere friend, in whom I have the utmost feelings of trust and judgment. If she says she does not think an essay just exactly what it ought to be, it doesn't find its way to New York; it is just popped into the fire, but that friend isn't Eve Lawless; she's a better judge of matters than that feminine.

Isn't it a hard task for an editor to be obliged to decline an article that he knows was written to keep from one suffering and privation? but how long do you imagine his paper would succeed were he to accept such matter if it were not good? I don't doubt that, while he has to decline the article, he feels for the poor writer, and, maybe, sends some money, not for the MS., but for charily's sake. God bless him, if he does.

But my hardest task is to be scolded by others for what I say, just as if I wasn't trying to be as good as ever I can be, and correcting my many faults, while I am pointing out those in others!

EVE LAWLESS.

UNCONGENIAL MARRIAGES.

A vast deal of the misery which surges up through the tumultuous tides of this rest less life of ours, comes from a coaxed-up idea that an uncongenial marriage has marred some otherwise brilliant prospect which might have been attained.

Sometimes a genitress enjoys to eminence, and John Smith's wife, who enjoyed the felicity of "keeping company" with him when both were in their early teens, grows discontented and repining, and murmurs at the great sacrifice she made in choosing honest John. Perhaps if she could take a peep within the house of the same risen genius, could see the worn, heavy-eyed, neglected wife, who knows herself to be of minor consideration to her husband's occupations, pursuits, friendships, and interests. Mrs. John might be better contented with her own humble sphere, her neat, bright little home, and awkward, plain-spoken, clumsy, dunder-headed John, who thinks the world and all of wifey, though he couldn't tell her so in the elegant and expressive language she admires, if the happiness of both their lives depended on it.

It is these very easy-going, blunt, and ordinary men of the John Smith order, who make the truest and tenderest of husbands; if undemonstrative, they are not whited sepulchers," as so many are who have gibb tongues and handsome faces.

"As you make your bed, so shall you lie in it," and it rests individually with newly-married pairs, whether they shall live harmoniously or in constant discord.

There are sure to be some clashes at first—the golden mists of Love's Young Dream must fade before the broader glare of practical facts; ten hours of man's busy labor every day, takes away the appetite for metaphorical sugar-plums in the shape of "blisses and kisses and nectar-lipped misses"; unless the sweets are prefaced by substantial dinners of broiled steaks, potatoes, puddings, and coffee; it's wonderful how far a well-cooked dinner will go in making a man good-tempered and lovable. If they always remember to sweeten the dessert by a word of praise, or one of those same-old-time kisses, wives would be less inclined to harbor as a skeleton in the household closet that undermining idea of having made an uncongenial marriage.

A couple are not apt to jog along without some pulls this way and that, after only a brief courtship. Some little misunderstandings, quarrels, hours of remorse and self-reproach, and delightful reconciliations, must teach the lesson of mutual forbearance and deference to each other's wishes. Dick must be content to let Sue choose pink flowers for her bonnet, even though he has hinted that he prefers blue; and she must overcome her qualms about cigars in the parlor, and boot-heels on the mantelpiece. If Dick loses himself in "Tracked to Death," while Sue is dying to conclude "Madeleine's Marriage," he should make amends by reading the latter aloud while she darns that troublesome business-coat of his, which is always fraying out at the elbow.

There may be one couple out of every ten thousand who are especially created for each other—novelists must have some basis for making the assertion—but ordinarily people grow into sympathy for each other.

If they reflect when once the nuptial knot is tied that it is done for "better or worse," and endeavor faithfully to remove the little obstacles which will arise in their path of happiness, there is little fear that either will repine from being uncongenially mated.

Let the little troubles remain, encourage them, and they will grow into mountains which will not be easily surmounted.

Constant dropping will wear away the

rock, and constant bickering over trifles will extract the dearest brightness from life, just as surely as loving words and pleasant looks will make home a temple of sacred delights.

J. D. B.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to Pompeii.

DEAR reader, come with me to the ancient city of Pompeii. If you have not money enough, travel as far as you can, and go the rest of the way in imagination. Nearly one hundred years ago all London was in uproar over the "Handel Commemoration," whose story is as follows: The plan originated in a conversation between Viscount Fitzwilliam, Sir Watkins Williams Wyne and John Bates, Esq., who remarking that the number of eminent musical performers of all kinds, in London, both vocal and instrumental, had no public occasion for collecting and consolidating them into one band, formed the project of uniting them in a performance of the most magnificent scale, and such as no part of the world could equal. Such was the reverence for the memory of Handel, that no sooner was the project known, than most of the practical musicians in the kingdom eagerly manifested their zeal by offering their services; while many of the most eminent professors, waiving all claims to precedence in the band, offered to perform in any subordinate station in which their talents might be most useful. The governors of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, readily gave the plan their support; and his majesty, hearing of the design, honored it with his sanction and patronage. Mr. James Wyatt, the architect, was appointed to superintend the fitting up of Westminster Abbey on the occasion, like a royal musical chapel, with the orchestra terminating one end, and the accommodation for the royal family at the other. In order to render the band as powerful and complete as possible, it was determined to employ every species of instrument that was capable of producing grand effects in a great orchestra and spacious building. Among these, the sackbut, or double trumpet, was sought; but so many years had elapsed since it was used in this kingdom, that neither the instrument nor a performer upon it could easily be found. After much useless inquiry not only in England, but by letters on the continent, it was discovered that in his majesty's military band there were six musicians who played the three several species of sackbut, tenor, bass and double bass. The performances were fixed on the 26th, 27th and 29th May, 1784, and it was determined that the profits of the first day should be divided between the Musical Fund and the Westminster Infirmary; those of the subsequent days to be applied to the use of the Foundling Hospital, to which Handel, when living, was a liberal contributor. Westminster Abbey was so judiciously fitted up, and the places for the musicians and the public so admirably arranged, that the whole corresponded with the architecture of this venerable structure; and there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, that did not harmonize with the principal tone of the building. The orchestra was so well contrived, that almost every performer, both vocal and instrumental, was in full view of the conductor and leader. Few circumstances will seem more astonishing to veteran musicians, than that there was but one general rehearsal for each day's performance; an indisputable proof of the high state of cultivation to which practical music had attained in that country. At the first of these rehearsals in the Abbey, more than five hundred persons found means to obtain admission. This intrusion, which was very much to the dissatisfaction of the managers and conductor, suggested the idea of turning the eagerness of the public to some profitable account for the charity, by fixing the price of admission to the rehearsal at half a guinea each person. On the subsequent rehearsals, the audience was very numerous, and rendered the whole so popular as to increase the demand for tickets for the grand performance so rapidly that it was found necessary to close the subscription. Many families, as well as individuals, were attracted to the capital by this celebrity; and it was never remembered to have been so full, except at the coronation of his late majesty. Many of the performers came from the remotest part of the kingdom at their own expense, so eager were they to offer their services on this occasion. The commemoration of Handel is not only the first instance of a band of such magnitude being assembled together, but of any band at all numerous, performing in a similar situation, without the assistance of a manager, to regulate the measure; and yet the performances were no less remarkable for the multiplicity of voices and instruments employed, than for accuracy and precision. "The pulsations in every limb," says Dr. Burney, "and ramifications of veins and arteries in an animal, could not be more reciprocal, and isochronous, or more under the regulation of the heart, than the members of this body of musicians under that of the conductor and leader. The totality of sound seemed to proceed from one voice and one instrument; and its power produced not only new and exquisite sensations in judges and lovers of the art, but were felt by those who never received pleasure from music before." As the year named, 1784, was the centenary of Handel's birth, we suppose that in the year 1884 we shall have another Centenary Commemoration which will dwarf the Westminster Abbey performance as much as Gilmore's big drum dwarfed the man who beat it.

We enter the exhumed baths—from curiosities only, because we never patronize such institutions, never. Here it was that the ancient Roman luxuriated on hot days in the pleasures of a cold bath, or on cold days in a hot bath, with water warmed in a large kettle set over the fires of Vesuvius. On these stone benches he reclined afterward, while he read the evening paper, fanning himself with a sandal fan—that is, with one of his sandals.

Here is a butcher's shop. He must have made dog-on good sausages, for his front step is well worn;

"And if think there's a butcher shop in the world Where Honesty's found, it must surely be here!" but on trial we find his weights are quite short. He must have taken an idea from butcher shops of the modern time.

In excavating here they found a yardstick about a yard too short. Upon these stone counters were displayed to the gaze of the Roman fashionable female world such articles as splendid "Dolly Vardens," French hats, Balmorals, etc., and over against the wall we still read—"Cash taken in exchange for goods."

Here in this bakery was found bread eighteen hundred years of age—almost as venerable as the last bread our city baker brought us.

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It is in vain that we look around and inquire if there are any of the old citizens living, with whom it would be a rare treat to shake hands and be told all about it; but our guide asks us if we have got any change about us, and says there are none of them left now, because there were none of them left then.

Our guide tells us how they have discovered the ruins of several servants who had made off with the spoons, but were overtaken and fixed solidly in the lava.

Over six hundred bodies were found; the husbands had almost invariably tried to get away with their gold and silver, leaving their wives—obeying the first law of nature—though in some cases it was found that a few husbands, in the general excitement, had started off with their neighbors' wives.

In the museum we will see a few copper coins of United States money found among the ruins, and one or two pieces of gold and silver coin from the same country; the remains of a few old Connecticut clocks; some old Springfield muskets, statues, idols, velocipedes, old boots, tin cans, glass eyes, wooden legs and heads; false teeth, barlow-knives, reaping machines, faro checks,

brass watches, decks of cards, and other indescribable things left by the ancient Pompeians, which are pleasing to inspect.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Short Stories from History.

Monster Concerts.—Mr. Gilmore, the Boston Jubilee man, is by no means the originator of "Monster" Festivals of noise. Nearly one hundred years ago all London was in uproar over the "Handel Commemoration," whose story is as follows: The plan originated in a conversation between Viscount Fitzwilliam, Sir Watkins Williams Wyne and John Bates, Esq., who remarking that the number of eminent musical performers of all kinds, in London, both vocal and instrumental, had no public occasion for collecting and consolidating them into one band, formed the project of uniting them in a performance of the most magnificent scale, and such as no part of the world could equal. Such was the reverence for the memory of Handel, that no sooner was the project known, than most of the practical musicians in the kingdom eagerly manifested their zeal by offering their services; while many of the most eminent professors, waiving all claims to precedence in the band, offered to perform in any subordinate station in which their talents might be most useful. The governors of the Musical Fund, and the directors of the Concert of Ancient Music, readily gave the plan their support; and his majesty, hearing of the design, honored it with his sanction and patronage. Mr. James Wyatt, the architect, was appointed to superintend the fitting up of Westminster Abbey on the occasion, like a royal musical chapel, with the orchestra terminating one end, and the accommodation for the royal family at the other. In order to render the band as powerful and complete as possible, it was determined to employ every species of instrument that was capable of producing grand effects in a great orchestra and spacious building. Among these, the sackbut, or double trumpet, was sought; but so many years had elapsed since it was used in this kingdom, that neither the instrument nor a performer upon it could easily be found. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper, and do not write on the back, and color it, testing the ink page to see if it is water worthy. All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early and often. Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

TO-DAY.

BY JULIE.

His lips so often pressed to mine
Belong to me to-day.
Making life seem almost divine,
Too fair to pass away.

Oh! may they not to-morrow rove—
Sweet lips so loving now—
Fate grant they ne'er so ruthless prove
And fail to every vow.

Strong arms that gently me enfold
And draw me to his breast,
Make me forget this world is cold
As in their fold I rest!

Then to-morrow may no other win
From me his dear embrace,
The arms to-day I'm resting in,
And hiding my glad face!

"Diamonds or Hearts."

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

FROWNS all over that pretty, carnation-faced; pout plainly visible on the cherry-red lips; and in the brightest of blue eyes discontent and a dash of anger.

She sat beside the window—this pretty, piqued girl, whose name was Narcisse Adler—altogether regardless of the fresh June breezes that brought in such delicious odors from the sweet, blossoming orchards; altogether blind to the glory of that June sky, as deeply blue as her own blue eyes; indifferent to the wide, open landscape, that lay, in all its first burst of emerald loveliness, smiling under Sol's warm kiss.

Afar, just where the meadowland began to slope gently upward, was a large stone house, grim, gray and grand, where ivy ran over the iron casements of the diamond-pane windows; ivy planted there generations aback, when pretty faces looked out upon the young, low vine.

Narcisse Adler saw that house above and among all that lay between and around. And it was the thought of that house, its inhabitants, and what was about to transpire, that made Narcisse's face so gloomy and cloudy.

"Well—what are you going to do about it?"

A flush surged over Narcisse's cheek as she answered:

"Stay at home, I suppose, as I generally am obliged to do."

Mrs. Adler laughed and shrugged her shoulders as only a French woman could. "Because you have not Florry's diamond parure to wear! Really, Narcisse, I think you can not care to go so very much."

Narcisse's eyes flashed.

"Not care to go!" Aunt Alphonse said, you know I am dying to go. But how can I, with my one ball dress, no jewels, nothing, make myself fit for the grand reception at the St. Elmos?"

There was something very bitter in her tone as she answered.

"I am sure I can not help you any, my dear. If I was as rich as Florry, I might lend you my diamonds; as it is, the best I can do is to offer my condolences."

Mrs. Adler laughed sumptuously, but her cheerful aspect of affairs did not at all please Narcisse.

"Thank you! I shall doubtless find your loan useful. Oh! but I feel like screaming aloud for vexation, when I look up at the St. Elmo mansion yonder—and the slender finger pointed to the grand old stone house—"and remember I can not go where it has been my dream to go for weeks. Yes, ever since Edo St. Elmo came home from France I have thought of nothing else but—" and gradually her voice lowered as if in soliloquy.

And, truth to tell, Narcisse Adler would not have wished her inmost thoughts known even to her best friend.

Ambitious those thoughts were—very, for a penniless orphan girl; for Narcisse had made up her mind that if youth, beauty and grace could carry the day, she could readily storm the castle of Edo St. Elmo's heart.

That was her ambition—to marry Edo St. Elmo, and Edo St. Elmo's money.

No wonder then that she was so vexed, when this, her first and so good an opportunity arrived for the commencement of her campaign, and she was so circumstanced that she could not take advantage of it.

True, as Aunt Alphonse said, she could go, if she wanted to, minus any elaborate adornments, and in the white gauze dress that became her so remarkably well. But, what sort of an impression could she make on Edo St. Elmo thus, especially when the beautiful young heiress, Florry Jordan, would be there?

And in her disappointment, and jealous anger, Narcisse never noticed that Mrs. Adler had silently withdrawn, and that Florry Jordan was standing curiously watching her.

"Oh, Florry," and Narcisse suddenly started up, all impulse and excitement; "oh, Florry, won't you help me to prepare for the St. Elmo reception? I haven't a decent thing to wear, and I do so want to go! There's a dear, good cousin! I know you will by your smiling."

And in truth, Miss Jordan was smiling; her own sweet, cheerful smile; that generally preceded her gentle assents to the many requests volatile Narcisse did not hesitate to prefer.

"If I can assist you, I will, for I wish you would go. What is it now?"

"Florry, if I only might wear your—your diamonds and that black lace dress you never have worn yet! Oh, Florry, I never could repay you!"

Her cherry-red parted lips, and the eagerness in her eyes were very pretty to look at, and Miss Jordan laughed gayly.

"But I am afraid such rich attire would seem ill-fitting unless you were tormented with a few dollars, as I am, and expected to dress accordingly."

A light shadow flitted over Narcisse's expressive face; then, true to her nature, she burst forth again.

"But I am sure I would look stylish, Florry! I know black lace is becoming, and the diamonds, of course would be. Please, please, just this once! I do so want Mr. St. Elmo to—"

Then she stopped, point blank, half-coyly, half-modestly. And Florry kissed the sweet, pleading lips.

"I never can withstand coaxing, Cissy! Suppose, besides loaning you the diamonds and the robes, I let you take my carriage, and, for once, imagine you are the wealthy young lady of the town? We are all strangers, comparatively, you know, and people scarcely know whether Miss Jordan or Miss Adler is the heiress."

Narcisse listened, in speechless ecstasy.

"Florry! you darling, dear old Florry!"

"And she is the heiress we have all heard so much about? Well, St. Elmo, take care of your heart, for she's as pretty a little thing as ever you saw."

Edo St. Elmo glanced across the room at Narcisse Adler. She was standing under the gasolier, laughing and chatting with Deane Hathaway, her jewels flashing and scintillating with every motion of her graceful figure. Her cheeks glowed like an oleander blossom, and her bright, clear blue eyes were sending out sparks of radiant light. She was beautiful, almost beyond comparison.

St. Elmo had been introduced, and he had danced the opening quadrille with her, then, with her heart all awhirl with the pleasure of the dance and bright vistas of a future opening rosy-red to her keen imagination. Narcisse had listened to his courteous thanks, and covertly watched him across the long room, to where he stood talking with Harry Silas.

Then St. Elmo wandered about among his lady guests, with a smile here, and a flash of merriment there; a deftly worded compliment now, and a gallant reception of congratulation then, until he had come to the piano, where, alone, and softly murmuring a *matinee* on the keys, was a dainty, haughty-headed girl, in a sweeping robe of plain amber silk, and a simple gold chain and cross about her neck.

She turned slightly as he approached; then, when a group of statuary hid them for a second from the roomful of guests, she raised her eyes fully to his.

"Heavens! Florry Jordan—can it be possible?" Florry, Florry, darling!"

And Edo St. Elmo clasped her hands rapturously.

"Then I know we meet as we part, Edo?"

Her timid, lustrous eyes were smiling in him.

"Not as we part, Florry, dearest, for then I did not love the wealthy Miss Jordan so well as this plainer and, I hope, poorer, little Florry. Darling, now I am the rich one, and can give you what I would not take at your hands."

He whispered it as he gave her his arm, and they walked out on the veranda.

"I have searched everywhere for you, Florry," he said, later, "and in all the years since we parted I never saw but one face that made me swerve for an instant in my allegiance to you. It was Miss Adler's, the girl I met to-night; you never saw a more perfect face, did you, darling?"

"She is very beautiful, Edo, but I am not jealous."

"You need not be, Florry. For the moment I heard she was an heiress—Sh, that is she, with Hathaway coming toward us!"

And as Narcisse passed, Florry detained her lover by a gentle pressure on his arm.

"Narcisse, dear," she said, aloud, "will you and Mr. Hathaway stop a moment? I wish to present to Miss Adler my betrothed husband, Mr. St. Elmo. Edo, this is Narcisse, my cousin!"

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Edo St. Elmo glanced across the room at Narcisse Adler. She was standing under the gasolier, laughing and chatting with Deane Hathaway, her jewels

giving no attention to those about him, was the stranger who had last entered.

Mr. Granville cast one glance toward him, and twitching his hat lower over his face, passed through to the clerk's room, where he found mine host. The latter came forward smiling and bowing, well pleased. It was not often that the wealthy land-owner favored The Happy Rest with his presence.

"A warm supper in a private corner, Mr. Borelay—any thing you can serve up soon."

"Beefsteak, roast fowl, ham, sir?" rapidly enumerated mine host. "Glad to see you, sir! Tea or coffee—chocolate if you like? A proud of the honor, I assure you, sir. Potatoes, mashed or boiled, squash eggs, vegetables, any thing you are pleased to order, sir!"

"Hot coffee and a beefsteak, then," said Mr. Granville. "A new patron, eh?"

"Really, sir, I can't say as yet. The gentleman's orders were a bed and a private parlor in a quiet part of the house, which are being got ready for him now. Any thing more, sir?"

"Nothing more. I will wait here. Ah, yes; see that my horse is ready for me in a couple of hours."

The fussy landlord bustled out, and Mr. Granville flung back his great-coat of white Astrachan cloth trimmed with fur. There was not another one like it in the neighborhood, and any one of the idlers who had seen him could testify at least to this article of his dress, should he ever have need to call upon them.

He sank into a chair with a strange, triumphant expression flitting across his face. "Assuredly, the fates are favoring me," he said to himself. "Hark! some one is coming. That man whose cloak I borrowed for a moment is no one else than Gerald Fon-

teney."

The boy, scudding away over the frozen road toward The Terrace, made good progress, and in half an hour delivered the letter at the door.

Lambert was in his room and the missive was sent up to him. He tore open the envelope, expecting a message from Mr. Granville.

A tiny shining key dropped from the inclosed strip and struck with a sharp ring upon the hearth. He secured it, and looked for an explanation of its presence. The paper contained only a line, evidently written in a disguised hand.

"To be used when occasion requires!"

He twisted it about his finger and was about to fling it into the grate, but upon second thought smoothed it out again, placing it on the low mantel-piece.

At the same moment there came a sharp ring at the entrance bell. This time it was an express messenger with a small steel-bound box for Mr. Lambert.

Mace, who answered the door, carried it up to him.

"The occasion has not been long in coming," soliloquized Lambert, when the man had retired. "If I am not mistaken, this little key unlocks the mystery contained in the box yonder. I wonder what concession it brings?"

He fitted the key into the lock, and turned it.

There was a puff of white smoke, and an explosion which resounded through the house. The box, one of those devilish contrivances known most properly as "infernal machines," had burst into a thousand fragments.

CHAPTER X.

THE RESULTS OF THE TRAGEDY.

Sylvie had kept her room through an indisposition which was more of mind than of body, though she was by nature delicate and any mental disturbance was apt to wear upon her physical endurance.

Justine's absence deprived her of the healthy companionship which would have proved a tonic to her morbid inclinations.

She had endeavored to drown out the depressing influence represented by the unpleasant aspect without, by having a cheerful, blazing fire built in the wide, low grate, and lowering the swinging chandelier, with its brilliant lights softened by tinted shades of ground glass.

The room was well suited to its occupant. The carpet was white, starred with blue anemones, and a velvet rug before the fire was a brilliant and never-fading bouquet of blended colors. The hangings were azure satin lined with white. An exquisite little table, inlaid with white and blue in mosaic pattern, was drawn to the center of the floor, and Sylvie reclined on a couch with its brilliant lights softened by tinted shades of ground glass.

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She had been reading, but the volume had dropped from her hand to the floor. She wore a flowing wrapper of fine white merino embroidered with azure in a rich heavy pattern, and her feet were incased in white satin slippers, just showing beneath the deep fringe of the striped soft zephyr affghan she had drawn partially over her.

Her reverie had lost itself in semi-consciousness, when the report of that terrible explosion rang through the house.

She started to her feet and rushed out into the gallery which led by a flight of wide steps into the hall beneath. The report had come from an opposite wing of the building, where she knew that the only occupied room was that which had been devoted to Lambert's use.

She fairly flew over the intervening space and burst in at the door, before any of the frightened servants of the house had thought of searching out the cause of the explosion.

There was a suffocating odor of gunpowder in the room. A table and a chair were overturned; the light was extinguished but by the glow of the grate. Sylvie could see Lambert's figure stretched darkly on the floor.

She flew toward him; then, obeying some impulse of common reasoning, turned and caught the bell-rope, knotted just within her reach. At that long, loud peal, every servant in the house started from the inertia with which they had been regarding each other, clustered in the warm cook-room, where the steaming dinner dishes were in readiness to be served.

They found Sylvie kneeling upon the floor, Lambert's head pillow'd in her arms, her white wrapper stained with the warm crimson blood which oozed from a dozen wounds.

She was a timid, gentle creature—one of those women who seem born for tender nurturing and a happy life. But the sight of the servants running hither and thither aimlessly called up in her the self-possession and forethought demanded by the emergency.

Lambert was raised and placed upon a couch, and Mace sent in all haste for medical assistance.

During the day he rode over to the inn

With her own hands Sylvie washed the blood from Lambert's face, and the house-keeper stripped lint and bound his wounds where she could to check the profuse bleeding.

They could do nothing more. He lay limp and lifeless but for that silent ooze of blood from all those ghastly wounds.

Sylvie sat with her free buried in the pillow beside him, her bright hair dabbled in his blood. It seemed to her ages ago since the shock of seeing him stretched senseless and bleeding upon the floor had first come to her, and yet no one came to give him aid.

She put out her hand and touched the bandages saturated with that crimson flood. A shudder convulsed her frame, knowing as she did that the silent ebb was every moment lessening the chance of life which might remain to him.

All the servants had been excluded from the room except the housekeeper, Crowton. Sylvie lifted her blanched face to look at the red stain upon her hand.

"Can not we do something for him?" she whispered. "Oh, will no one come until there is no hope?"

"I've done all I know and the doctor'll be here soon," returned Crowton. "He's bleeding less, I think. Hark! some one is coming. Can it be Mace already?"

Already! Sylvie had experienced a life-time agony in the last half-hour.

It was Mr. Granville. Some one had heard horse's hoofs thundering down the hard road leading past the inn, and hurried out to see Mace ride, at a mad pace. This some one had gathered from the few words the man shouted as he passed that a terrible accident had occurred at The Terrace.

The rumor was not long in reaching Mr. Granville's ear. He immediately ordered his horse and made his way at his best speed homeward.

He would have sent Sylvie away, but she steadily refused to leave Lambert's side, until the doctor came and insisted that she should do so, while he made a thorough examination of the wounded man's condition.

Mace had followed into the room, and was gathering fragments of burned wood and steel from the floor.

"It's been one of them infernal machines," he said, shuddering. "Heaven's curse on the man who sent it!"

Mr. Granville, turning, ordered him sharply from the room; but Sylvie had heard the man, and her white lips parted to breathe an amen to his words.

She went back to her chamber, where nothing was changed, yet to her, wrung to the heart with agonized suspense—the place seemed desolate as a tomb.

The court was in session during the following week, but in view of the still questionable results of the injuries Lambert had received, the case of the Commonwealth vs. F. Gerald was postponed until the next quarterly term, and the prisoner was remanded to a cell in the county jail.

"Out of my way for three months," said Mr. Granville, in one of his self-communications, "and by that time I will no longer fear his baffling me."

(To be continued—commenced in No. 122.)

and held a private interview with the landlord. The cloak which the boy pointed out belonged to the strange guest who had come on the previous day, and who had registered as F. Gerald.

"Which my daughter," said mine host, who was of a garrulous turn, "thinks as he's a travellin' *inog*, as his sleeve-buttons which he left on his table this morning when she were a-cleaning of his room were marked G. F. instead of F. G. Quer-lookin' buttons as I noticed myself, sir! Made double for wearing either side; one gold with raised initials, the other set with a bluish stone with tiny white ones around it. Pearls, my daughter Nanette thinks, which I am not a judge do not pretend to say."

After which mine host would have entered into a detailed account of the guest's wearing apparel as minutely observed by Nanette, who was firmly of the opinion that the gentleman was some established celebrity traveling *inogaito* to escape the importunities of the people, and the honors they would confer upon him in his proper person. But Nanette was always on the lookout for celebrities *inog*, and was given to romance-weaving from very slender threads.

Mr. Granville cut short the relation with some pertinent questions regarding the demeanor of the strange guest, and the manner in which he had occupied his time.

He appeared a born gentleman, mine host averred. Held every one at a distance and minded his own concerns. He had gone out during the previous evening and did not return until late, but had kept within doors and taken his meals in his room during the day.

Clearly, mine host could give no information bearing upon the point which Mr. Granville was striving to reach; but the latter thought he could work safely upon the material already in his hands.

Leaving the inn he rode directly to Cen-tretown, the county seat, seeking an interview with the magistrate residing there. He made a statement of the facts in his possession, procured the services of two county officials and a warrant for the arrest of the man at The Happy Rest who had registered as F. Gerald.

The warrant was served before evening, and not being admitted to the man, who claimed possession of the traveling-cloak was committed to jail, and lay there awaiting his trial.

Lambert lay in a most critical condition.

The doctor spoke hopefully of his restoration to physical strength, but adhered to the belief that his mind was utterly destroyed.

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(To be continued—commenced in No. 122.)

ROYAL KEENE,
THE
California Detective:

or,
The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

ON THE SCENT.

ABOUT four hours after the interview between the detective and the old savant, a hackman, sitting on the box of his coach in Union Square, was accosted by a keen-eyed stranger.

"Did you drive a party from the Academy of Music to a house down in Water street?" the stranger asked, who was no other than the California detective, Bright.

"Well"—and the coachman shut one eye and surveyed the stranger curiously—"I don't exactly remember whether I did or not."

"Would a five-dollar bill help your memory any?" asked the detective, quietly, drawing a "greenback" from his pocket and displaying it in his open palm.

The coachman grinned.

"Now you're talkin', Cap," he said, emphatically.

"What do you want to know?"

"You drove the party to the place in Water street; then they all got out and entered the house. After a little while the woman came out, said something to you, got into the carriage, and you drove off."

"Cor-rect; you've got it down fine, now," said the driver, in admiration.

"Now, I want to know what the woman said to you and where you drove her to."

"What's the lay, anyway?"

"Five dollars for you if you give me the information; that's your 'lay'; what mine is, my own business and nobody else's."

"Well, you're jes' as sharp as a meat-ax; don't play many points on you, you kin jes' bet!"

"I'm your man fer to rake in that V."

"The driver said, "The woman told me that I needn't wait for the rest of the party, but that I could drive her to the corner of Twenty-third street and Broadway, which I did, an' she got out an' 'lit' out down Twenty-third street toward Fifth avenue. Got the worth of your five dollars, boss?"

"Hardly, but a bargain's a bargain; here's the money," and the detective handed the bill to the driver and sauntered off carelessly up the street.

"No much information gained there," the detective said to himself, as he walked slowly onward. "The woman evidently designed to throw any one off her track. I am at fault. Luck must aid me here, for calculation can't."

"Say, mister," piped a childish voice, in a shrill treble, close by the detective's side.

Bright looked around and saw a little ragged, red-headed urchin. The folded papers under his arm told what his vocation was.

"Well, what is it, sonny?" asked Bright.

"A detective officer!" she exclaimed, in astonishment, not unmixed with alarm.

"Yes, Miss, a detective officer," repeated the gentleman, coolly, never taking his keen eyes off the pretty face of the actress for a moment.

"Oh, you did?"

"You bet; I kin show you where the gal went to, if you'll come down with the stamps," the boy said, and he winked one eye in a very significant manner.

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SATURDAY JOURNAL

7

street, when poor O'Kale fell by his assassin hand. It was David Van Rensselaer who set fire to the old house to destroy all evidence of his crime. And now he wishes to get possession of this will so that he may rob his half-sister, Alice, of her share of his father's estate. A cool, calculating villain is this same Van Rensselaer."

"But this girl, Alice—is she living?" Corralie asked.

"I hope so; I have a brother detective employed to hunt her up now. Do you know what this old gentleman Hartright declares?"

"No; what?"

"That you are Alice Van Rensselaer."

Coralie shook her head sadly.

"I know that; that is the reason why he went with me so readily from the masquerade. In the tones of my voice even he detected a resemblance to the child confided to his care."

"But you yourself—what do you think of the idea?"

"I wish that it were possible, but I am afraid that it is not," the girl said, mournfully.

"He is strong in the belief. I had an interview with him this morning and almost his last words to me were, that when I found you I would discover the heiress to half of the Van Rensselaer estate. Do you know who your parents were, Sue?"

"No."

"Perhaps, then, the old man may be right in his assertion?" Bright said, hopefully.

"I am afraid not. Last night he told me the story of Alice Van Rensselaer, and though in some particulars it reminded me of my own life, yet the name of the woman to whose care he confided the child was not familiar to me."

"Sit down, Sue, and tell me all that you can remember of your childhood; perhaps it may aid me."

CHAPTER XXI.

DIGGING THE MINE.

CORALIE drew her chair close to that of her "lover," and leaning her head on his shoulder, while his arm encircled her waist, began her story.

"The first I can remember is living in a large wooden house surrounded by trees. I feel sure that this house was in the country. A middle-aged woman whom I used to call aunty took care of me." Her name was Wilson. Her husband was a great, strong, brutal man who used to steep his brain in liquor and then come home and ill-treat her. I think I was about five years old at that time."

"But, can you not remember any of your life before this period that you speak of?" the detective asked.

"Nothing distinctly," the girl replied, slowly: "a sort of dreamy remembrance comes back to me, sometimes, wherein I see other faces, and hear other voices, but it is so shadowy that I can hardly believe it is anything but fancy. One dark night aunty took me by the hand after having dressed me for walking, and we left the house. I did not understand it then, but I do now; she was flying from her husband. We came to New York. She had a hard struggle for existence, and finally, acting under the advice of the woman with whom she had found shelter, she sent me out into the street with a basket of fruit to sell. The woman's daughter also sold fruit in the street and she instructed me!"

"But is your name Susan?"

"I don't know; Mrs. Wilson always called me Dolly, but my friend said that was no name at all and that I must be called Susan. When I asked aunty if Dolly was truly insane she became angry and scolded me and so at last when one asked what my name was, I answered Susan."

"Your story affords me no clue," Bright said, slowly. "But don't despair. I've got one of the best men in the detective force on the scent and he'll discover the truth if any one can."

"But, Royal," said the girl, suddenly, "why did you not give your name to the servant, or did you wish to surprise me?"

"You forget, my darling, I hadn't the remotest idea that it was you whom I was going to see," he replied. "How could I guess that Coralie York, the actress, was Sue Wilson, the Orange Girl? Besides, all New York knows me now as James Bright, the Californian detective. Royal Keene has changed, too, you see, in three years."

"But to me you are just the same."

"Just as dear!" he quizzed, roughly, passing his hand lightly over the smooth forehead of the girl.

"Yes," she whispered, lowly and coyly.

"And now I must say good-by," he said, rising. "I've work on hand that must not be delayed."

"When will you come again?" she asked, quickly.

"Will you be at home to-morrow evening?"

"Yes."

"I will come then; good-by."

Again he pressed the little form of the young girl to his heart, kissed the ripe, red lips so full of dewy freshness, and then took his departure.

"If she would only turn out to be the heir now," he murmured, as he walked up the street. "What a terrible vengeance that would be, for me to marry the woman whose presence in the world robs Van Rensselaer of half his fortune! Half his fortune!" he repeated, slowly. "Why not the whole? Why not with one blow crush him to the earth, a beggar?"

The face of the detective grew dark and troubled as he brooded over the question.

"By heaven! I'll do it!" he exclaimed, decidedly, after a long pause, during which he had revolved the subject over in his mind. "I'll hit upon some scheme. First his reputation; then his fortune; and then—shall the gallows play a prominent part in the last act of the drama? We shall see."

As the detective turned into the avenue, he nearly ran over Ward, the reporter, who was hurrying down the street.

"Halo!" cried Joe, "you're the very man I want to see."

"Well, what is it?"

"When does that little affair come off?"

"What affair is you mean?"

"What you told me about when we were driving down-town from the masquerade last night—the descent on the club-room?"

"Ah, yes, I remember now," Bright said.

"I rather think I shall explode the mine to-night."

"You promised to let me know, you know. It will make a splendid sensation article."

"Yes, particularly when you explain that a descendant of one of the eldest and best

families in New York is the proprietor of the den," Bright said, with a quiet smile.

"Oh, it will make a sensation, sure!" the reporter exclaimed, rubbing his hands together, gleefully.

"Well, meet me at the Fifth Avenue Hotel to-night about nine. I shall know by that time whether it will come off to-night or not."

"Depend upon me; I'll be on hand."

Then the two parted.

Bright proceeded directly to the Central Police Station, and had a long interview with the Superintendent of Police, and when he parted with that gentleman, there was a smile of triumph playing around his lips.

"The first blow to-night," he muttered;

"the second will soon follow. I don't intend to give him breathing time between the strokes. Cranshaw may be back tomorrow. If he succeeds in finding out any thing about the heir—any thing that will give me a clue as to where she is—I ask for nothing more."

As Bright turned into Broadway he came face to face with Abrams, the diamond broker.

"Hold on!" he cried, catching that worthy gentleman by the arm.

"What you wants mit me?" exclaimed the Jew, in astonishment, gazing into the face of the other.

"You don't know me, eh?"

"So shmele, I never saw you before."

"Oh, yes, you have; take a good look at me."

The Jew adjusted his eye-glasses on his nose and surveyed Bright keenly.

"Oh, Moses! if 'tisn't Mister Keene!" And the Jew grasped him cordially by the hand.

"Hush! don't mention the name quite so loud, please," Bright said, drawing the broker to one side.

"Vash is de master, my tear?" asked the Jew, inquiringly.

"You forgot that little bit of paper that I deposited with you about three years ago, and which you disposed of to David Van Rensselaer. Oh, Abrams! I go back on a friend in that way?" and the detective shot a glance at the Jew.

"So help me Isaac! I thought he wosh a friend of yours all de vile!" Abrams protested.

"You got me into a pretty hobbie. I had

as you said and take up de note," the Jew exclaimed, with outstretched hands.

"When a man pours in liquor he generally drives out sense," Bright said, tersely.

"Why, you gave me, bound hand, foot,

right into the clutches of my worst enemy."

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"Dat ish all right. I haf do' much business with you. I haf bought almost every ting you haf in de world, from your diamonds down to your boots," and the Jew laughed boisterously.

"Exactly; and now, old boy, I've got another little bit of business with you."

"Dat ish all right. I haf do' much business with you. I haf bought almost every ting you haf in de world, from your diamonds down to your boots," and the Jew laughed boisterously.

"It is a certain paper—"

"No more notes, mine goot friend!"

"Don't be in a hurry," interrupted the detective; "it isn't a note, but a will!"

"A will?" exclaimed the Jew, in amazement.

"What you s'pose I do mit a will, eh?"

"Sell it!"

"Who would buy such a t'ing?"

"Only one man in the world, and that man, David Van Rensselaer."

"I no understand."

"Why, it is the will of his father, Philip."

This will just come to light. It rather interferes with David, and he would give a good round price to get his fingers upon the will and destroy it."

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"the second will soon follow. I don't intend to give him breathing time between the strokes. Cranshaw may be back tomorrow. If he succeeds in finding out any thing about the heir—any thing that will give me a clue as to where she is—I ask for nothing more."

Clancy, waiting his reply, saw the flash,

the jet, the white smoke puffing skyward;

then heard the crack, and, along with it, the "zip" of a bullet, that passed close to his ear—too close for safety.

He remembered that Darke was accustomed to carry a double-barreled gun. The report was that of a smooth-bore. A second shot might be better aimed. He could not return the fire with any chance of hitting his adversary. The sheltering rock, the moon dazzling his eyes, every thing was against him. Besides, he had himself but one barrel—one bullet; it must not be fired.

There was no alternative but retreat to a safer distance, and there stay, holding his enemy in siege until he could think of some plan for dislodging him.

He did this. Wrenching his horse round, he rode off some paces, and again faced toward the rock.

"Hold on!" he cried, catching that worthy gentleman by the arm.

"What you wants mit me?" exclaimed the Jew, in astonishment, gazing into the face of the other.

"You don't know me, eh?"

"So shmele, I never saw you before."

IN SUMMER-TIME.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

I hear the murmur of the rill; The sunbeams on it glance and shine; I look upon it with a thrill. But oh, it turns no mill of mine!

Far stretch the fields of bearded wheat; The tossing heads I love to see; Beneath the light wind's winged feet, But not a grain belongs to me.

Broad reaches of fair meadowy realms With clover blossoms overrun, How soft the light that overwheels! How hard the thought that I own none.

Broad fields of tilting corn I see, Each blade a bright sun; with sunny flock, How green they glisten unto me! How sad, I could not help a check.

The flocks are white upon the hill, Against a background of pure green, They slumber in the noon-tide still— Your farmer owns them—and how mean!

How bright those rural homes appear, Seen bare through the clambering vine, And songs of happy wives I hear, But none, not one of these is mine!

Yon orchard hangs with apples red; The cling of ripe fruit are fine, Invaluable to be fair— And unless something extraordinary happens, A pocketful will soon be mine.

* * * * *

The meaning of the last line is a little indistinct.—Ed.

The "Thousand Islands."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "IN THE WILDERNESS."

III.—THE GRAND HAUL!

We were stirring early upon the morning succeeding the raid upon Canada, and after breakfast went down to the boats in company with old Joe and Billy. The boats were long, light-built, but strong craft, furnished with a sufficient number of lines and "spoons," a box for the fish, and two short poles. Each man carried in the little locker in the bow, a kettle, frying-pan, coffee-pot, and various seasonings used in cookery, while the hotel cooks had put up, the night before, the necessities for a square meal, according to the orders of Viator.

We were soon in the boats and speeding away side by side across the water, the boats fairly leaping under the long, clean strokes of the oarsmen. The Clayton fishermen are some in a boat, and, although little given to "style," can pull all day without the least sign of fatigue.

As we pulled across toward the nearest fishing-ground, Billy, knowing at a glance our hopeless condition in regard to trolling, proceeded, in a low voice, to give us some information. Each boat is provided with three lines. Two are fastened on short poles—the ends of which are thrust into wooden sockets set into the sides of the boat, the poles crossing each other just in front of the middle thwart, upon which one of the fishermen—when there are two—takes his seat. In the stern of the boat a low chair is placed, and this chair is an aptle of discord to the voyagers, as the man who sits in the stern has the best seat, and the privilege of handling the "stern line," a hundred and forty feet in length, and the most destructive of the three. The other lines are twenty feet shorter, which precludes the possibility of their running together, or "fouling."

"Billy" was a glorious oarsman, and it was a sight to see the long ridges of his powerful muscle rise upon his bare brown arm as he bent forward for the stroke, and sent the light boat hissing through the water. Old Joe was no infant, and we reached the fishing-ground nearly together, when Tom and I, awkwardly enough, began to get out our lines. Viator, that sly old fisher, had already done this, and Joe's boat was moving slowly ahead, the bright spoons hissing just below the surface. Good luck stood my friend, and I had the stern line, and by the aid of Billy, who managed to keep the boat in motion while giving Jim some assistance, the other lines were got out and Billy bent to his oars, keeping the boat in motion just enough to lift the lines off the ground.

I held the stern line in my hand, by Billy's directions, and from time to time gave it a little pull forward, and could hear the dull, tremulous vibration of the spoon; a hundred and forty feet astern. Suddenly, and without warning, as I pulled it forward, I felt a check upon the line and knew that I had struck a fish, and, turning, began to haul in, hand over hand, letting the line drop in a coil into the bottom of the boat as I took it in. Pandemonium broke out in the boat at once, and we, usually staid and sober members of society, pronounced words which would have placed us under the social ban if uttered in the shadow of a church.

"Easy, easy," said Billy. "Don't give him any slack; if you can help it, Mr. S.; he's a pretty good 'un."

"A good 'un!" roared Jim. "Why he's as long as my leg. There you cussed fool! look out. You'll lose him, cuss you! Now, Timberhead, look out! Pull easy, won't you? Steady, can't you? There he is—hurrah!"

"You've got one on that right-hand pole," said Billy. "Look out now; take the pole out and pass the end over to me. That brings the line close to the side and you can get at it easier."

A moment more and Jim was at it, hauling away on a big fish, in a fever of excitement lest my fish should by any chance be bigger than his own, and perspiring with the fear of losing him. Foot by foot I dropped the line upon the bottom of the boat, and now a long, pointed head and serrated jaw was thrust out of the water, forty feet astern.

"Pickerel, that is," said Billy. "Bout seven pound, I should say."

"Do you call that a big one, Billy?" I said, eagerly.

"Fair to middlin'," said Billy. "They won't avridge seven pound by no manner of means. This gentleman has got a buster, but he'll lose him, sure as fate, if he lets him have slack that way. Now, Mr. Scribbler, now! Haul him up by the side of the boat, and catch him just back of the gills. Pinch pretty tight."

I obeyed orders, and picked out of the water a fish which weighed within two ounces of the weight given it by Billy, and in a moment more he was lying securely in the box, and my line running out again. Having a little leisure, and swelling with importance, at the idea of having grassed the first fish, I began to watch Jim and to assist him in an uproar which would have made demons shed tears of envy. The amount of ornamental blasphemy which he wasted upon that particular fish, upon me, upon Billy, upon all the world, may be imagined when a "wall-eyed bass"—a very peculiar fish, and "gamey" as a

trot—suddenly sprung head on out of the water, shook himself free from the spoon, and went down into the clear depths, followed by maledictions both loud and deep, from the lips of the unhappy fisher.

I won't mention just the words he used, because you know there are some things better imagined than described, and, of course, it cut him to the soul to see the look of calm superiority I assumed, because I had blundered into saving my fish and he had failed. Billy added to his discomfort by saying it was the biggest "wall-eye" he had seen that season, and that it was a great loss. This Job's comfort made Jim madder than ever, and for a small amount of earthly lucre he would have buried me and my supercilious smile beneath the surface of the St. Lawrence.

And old Joe was not idle while we blundered. As I held the stern line in my hand, and Jim, with much reviling, was letting his run out again, I saw Viator seize the pole in front and pass it over to old Joe, while he began to take in the stern-line. Hardly had he begun to pull, when we knew that he had fastened on a "big 'un," for we saw the old fellow settle back and lay his weight on the line as he hauled away, and the stout linen fairly rung as the fish leaped.

"Get muskalunge, sure as you live!" said Billy. "Big 'un,' too."

Just then we caught a glimpse of the huge head of the monster rising from the foam, and Viator uttered a victorious whoop and hauled away with might and main. I never encourage the feeling of envy. It is mine, unsportsmanlike and foolish in the extreme, but I did envy Viator the untold happiness of hauling in that fish. It is no use to reflect that I should have lost him in two seconds, as I should infallibly have done had I been at the line. Old Joe stopped rowing and lifted a gaff hook, and by the united strength of the two men a long, graceful fish, weighing thirty-four pounds, was landed in the boat—the first big muskalunge of the season!

The detective designated a youth who sat at a marble-topped card-table in the furthest corner of the room.

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